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John H. Hauberg. History and Memoirs
of the Haubergs' Homestead since the
Indians left. 1851-1941. (1941)

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



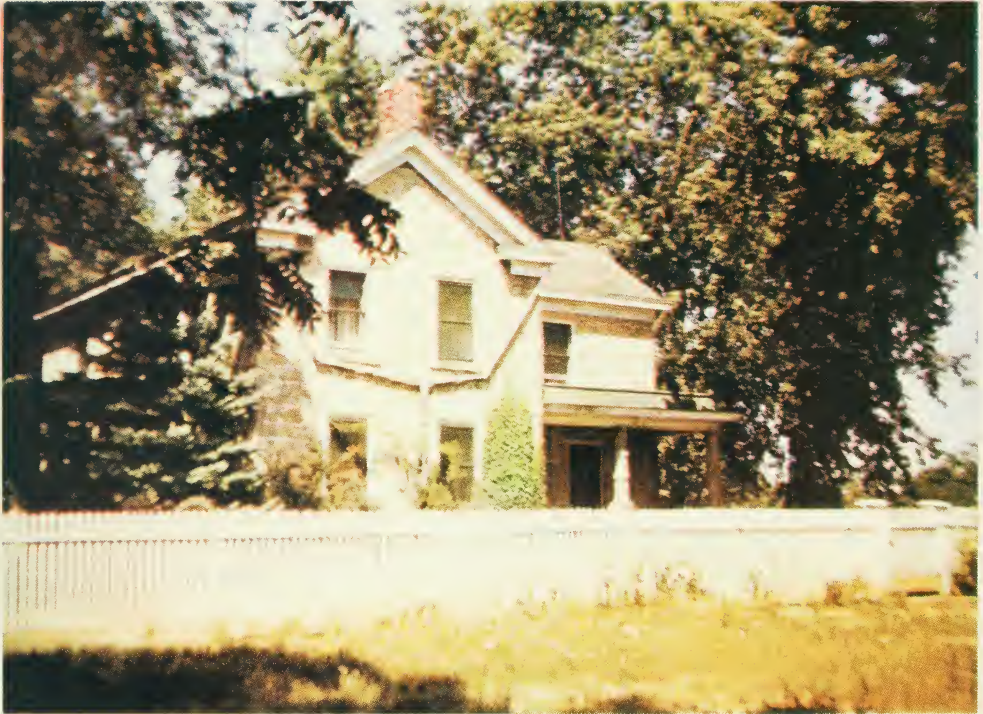
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1941

ANNIVERSARIES




HAUBERG HOMESTEAD

ROCK ISLAND COUNTY, ILLINOIS

1866

1941

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



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HISTORY AND MEMOIRS
OF THE
HAUBERGS'
HOMESTEAD

Since the Indians Left

1851 · · 1941



THE LOG HOUSE AND ITS SETTING AT SUGAR GROVE, AS DONE IN WATER COLOR BY WILLIAM STUHR, OF ROCK ISLAND.

FOREWORD

LOUIS is having some folks in to help celebrate a double anniversary — the 90th year since the farm was bought and the 75th since the stone house was built.

These few pages are to show what the people were like who succeeded the Indians on these premises.

“Haubergs’ since the Indians left” sounds fanciful, but a title like that shows how new this part of the New World really is.

JOHN H. HAUBERG.

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Ill. Hist. Surv.

FIRST in possession of these acres, were the Indians. Next, and with no one in between, came the Haubergs. One Hauberg has succeeded another until ninety years have passed and they are still enjoying possession.

It is traditional with the white man that he traces his titles clear by means of an abstract of title, and we will proceed accordingly:

Since we are not archaeologists—and also, since even an archaeologist might not know the line of title through prehistoric ages—we are obliged to start our record of ownerships with the Sauk and Fox who were in possession when history opened its eyes on the scene. Black Hawk in his autobiography, dictated in 1833 (p. 63) says: “Here our village stood for MORE than a hundred years.” He didn’t say how much more than a century, and since history agrees that the Sauk and Fox were here about a hundred years, we will give Black Hawk’s statement credit for 101 years. Twenty-nine years before Black Hawk dictated his book, in 1833, his people ceded these

lands, in 1804, to the United States. Assuming that the suggested 101 years is correct, the Sauk and Fox nation owned the land in question some 72 years.

After owning the country a dozen years, the United States in 1816 ceded it to the Potawatomes, Chippeways and Ottawas, and they in turn, after an ownership of thirteen years ceded it back to the United States, in 1829. Now the U. S. A. having held the present Hauberg homestead lands for a period of twenty years, it deeded them, in 1849, to Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena. Mr. Washburne was speculating in lands and at no time did he come to live on this farm. After two years of ownership he sold the quarter section to John D. Hauberg under date of October 17, 1851.

We have now traced the title through 209 years—more than two centuries—which is a very long time in this part of the world, as follows:

Washburne	2 years
Potawatomes et al	13 years
United States	32 years
Sauk and Fox	72 years
Haubergs	90 years
Total.....	209 years

The ninety years are divided as follows:

John Detlev Hauberg, 1851 to 1862..11 years
 Mark Detlev Hauberg, 1862 to 1918..56 years
 Louis Detlev Hauberg, 1918 to 1941..23 years

Total.....90 years

All the above relates only to the eighty on which the stone house and out-buildings stand. The rest of the farm, now 340 acres all told, was added at one time and another from various former holders of title.

Nor are we making any claim to having been the first of the white race to settle in the township. Fifteen long pioneer years had passed since John C. Walker of Kentucky had made the record of being the first settler, and Joseph Martin, born in Virginia, who settled in 1837, boasted the honor of having driven the first loaded wagon across the prairies from Canoe Creek to Port Byron. He does not give the date of this first penetration of the wilds of Coe Township with a loaded wagon but it is possible that it was fourteen years before our forbears in 1851 purchased their quarter section.

* * * * *

What use the Indians had made of the present Sugar Grove farm is not at all difficult to say. Speak-

ing of the woods as they first found it, M. D. Hauberg in his "Memoirs," page 68 says: "Some of the maple were three and four feet through and fifty feet to the nearest limb. They were scarred as high as you could reach from borings by people before we came. I suppose the Indians used to boil sap there before the white people came." And writing of his first morning on the premises he says (p. 61), "After breakfast we started to look over the farm. We had not gone over thirty rods when the dogs chased up a deer. We had not gone ten rods farther when they chased up two more, and when we got up the hill east of where our stone house stands now, they chased out another deer."

Venison on the hoof; a creek serving as host to a variety of fur bearing animals, bee trees, and Sugar Maples of large size "scarred as high as you could reach"! What wouldn't an Indian do here?

There were plenty of Indians in the old days. Eight miles to the west, where Princeton, Iowa is now, there was a village of Foxes, who belonged to the United Nation of Sauk and Fox. Some sixteen miles due east is today Prophetstown, Illinois. Formerly it was the town of the Winnebago prophet Wabokie-shiek. His Winnebago brethren were none to

particular where they got their subsistence. Down where Rock Island is now — distant 25 miles from Sugar Grove, there were some thousands of Sauk and Fox. After 1816, the Potawatomes and others owned this part of the country — “North of the Indian Boundary Line,” and their famous Chief Shabbona was a frequent visitor in Rock Island long years after all the other Indians had been removed west. So it is anyone’s guess who and when, in succession.

In our mind’s eye let us build up the scene: A few families have for years had a sort of first chance at this woods. The first warmth of spring had started the sap a-running. Here they come, men, women, children, dogs, and ponies. They have a large roll of matting made of cat-tail stalks, a quantity of corn which was boiled on the cob, then cut off and dried; a lot of beans and perhaps some strips of dried squash; kettles little and big, for family cooking and for boiling sap. The men brought weapons and traps. They have not come to loaf. The first thing they do is to see about some venison. Bear bacon is good too if they should be so lucky. Meanwhile the women are putting up a shelter — a wick-i-up, to be roofed with the cat-tail matting. Here is

a scene of contented life; maybe there are visitors; now a wild turkey graces the kettle, now a raccoon, a few stomach aches from eating too freely of the newly made sugar, or a like ache from eating too much comb honey for wild bees are to be found in many a hollow tree. By and by they begin to stir about, getting ready to break camp for home. They are to be loaded down with all their sugar, honey, deer meat, furs of the raccoon, mink, otter and doubtless some skunk. The frame of the wick-i-up is left standing and will be used a year hence.

* * * * *

John D. Hauberg at the time of his purchase was living at Moline, Illinois, and was forty-three years of age. Water and wood were the highly prized qualities which a farm must have to be a good farm, and this place was rich in both. It included Sugar Grove, so called because it consisted largely of sugar maples, and here was a plenty of prairie ready to be broken without the stroke of an axe. Always a great walker, it is easy to see him in our mind's eye, hiking up to the farm at every opportunity. The autumn coloring of the maples which have thrilled all of us down to the present time, were at the time of his purchase doubtless in their most brilliant coloring.

Through the winter, in the spring and summer, we imagine him walking, planning, admiring his purchase.

* * * * *

Going into the woods with axe and saw was second nature to the new owner for that had been his work in the Old Country. He had been employed to leave his work there and come to a large estate in Tennessee to serve as forester, and there he made acquaintance with the accepted style of dwelling in almost universal use among the frontiersmen—the log cabin. The building of one for his own family was now next in order on his program.

For the details of the building of the cabin, read “Memoirs” by M. D. Hauberg, pages 61 to 64. It tells of scaring up some deer; of a log shelter for sugar-makers which they used, and above all it tells who helped at the “House-raising,” because the list includes most of the families which had thus far staked their fortunes about the “High Prairie” as this part of the county was known. It was a notable and striking array; a new community of Americans gathered from different parts of the country—Virginians, Kentuckians, Pennsylvanians, New Jerseyites—all of them descended from earlier immigrations,

and now, a family in which five out of its eight members had been born abroad. "There was Isiah Marshall and his four boys, Joe, John, William and Brice; Joe Martin and his three boys, John, James and Dave, John Walker and son Tom, Hiram Walker and son, Sam; Hiram Cain, John Marshall, Alec Abbott, Tom Fowler and Thurlow Garrison. . . . That house raising created a friendship that lasted as long as they lived." Missing from the list are the Tunis Quicks and sons and son-in-law Wesley Cain; the Larues; the Deacon W. C. Pearsalls and doubtless some others.

It is mid-April, 1853. The little home on the side hill, on 14th Street in the 700 Block, Moline, is all excitement. The wagon is being loaded; the oxen are being brought around to be yoked. Mark is now sixteen years of age, Dave is fourteen, and upon them the family leans heavily for the success of their new venture. Then there are Doris, Elizabeth, Catherine and little Margaret. The last three were born in Moline. The baby, Margaret is just four months old and a bit young for the twenty-odd miles of jolting, first, over the stage road as far as Port Byron, and then the trek across no man's land to Sugar Grove, but the trip would take only a single day. Besides

the family there was poultry, and presumably the pigs nailed up in a crate; stove, bedding, etc., etc. and the things they had brought up from Tennessee—the old iron kettle, a couple of chairs, and not least, the dog. The most precious property were the heirlooms which had been brought from across the sea—the big, heavy old trunk which had belonged to Mrs. Hauberg's great great grandmother; the spinning wheel which she inherited from her parents; the leather-bound Bible which had been her grandparents'; and the Lutheran hymn book, in leather with silver clasp, the gift of her brother as they were leaving for the New World. Then there was the old cane to be looked after. It had been John D. Hauberg's grandfather's and was doubtless handed to the departing emigrants with a wish for good luck.

Goodbye, Moline and the friends and acquaintances of four years; Moline with its 1500 population; John Deere Plow Works with its 22 employes, Dimock & Gould with 25 hands, Pitts, Gilbert & Pitts with the largest payroll of all, 30 men, and other industrial plants with the total impressive figure of \$520,500.00 of manufactured goods annually!

* * * * *

The father is probably prodding the oxen on as they head up the road beside the Mississippi river; the two sons bringing up the rear with the ten additional head of cattle, for the family had been thrifty as well as industrious. Some years ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Bracker who was about aged four at this time, said the only thing she remembered about the trip up from Moline was that they got stuck in the mud in a low spot in front of where the Henry Sadoris' lived.

* * * * *

First, three yoke, then five yoke of oxen to a 22-inch breaking plow turned the virgin prairie into fields after the mode of civilization. Only wild fruit the first few years; children, but no school; Bible and hymn book but no church; settlers here and there, all of them driving 'cross-lots wherever fancy or necessity prompted—no roads; eggs and butter and grain and pork with but little or no market. But the air was wonderful, the finest of water from a spring down by the creek; a place to grow strong and build character; and to dream, and to build foundations under the dreams, and in the short period of three years, things began to take shape.

It was the year 1856 John D. Hauberg graduated



MRS. JOHN D. HAUBERG, FIRST LADY OF THE HOUSE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN.

from oxen to horses for his farm work; Rev. C. A. T. Selle, a missionary of the Missouri Lutheran Church that spring started church services at the Hauberg cabin and Bible study, i. e. a confirmation class was organized. A "Singing school" also was started, and the 14 x 18 log house was beginning to mean something to the community. The same year the com-

munity decided to start a public school. They elected a school board of three members to proceed to build and to hire a teacher. The move uncovered some odd ideas about the value of book learning. Jim Larue, for instance, was against it, and said he would rather spend his money for whiskey for his boys than put it into a school! Amos Golden, Tunis Quick and John D. Hauberg were the directors, and they were the originators of what today is known as "Bluff School."

A year later, Mr. Hauberg took on another responsibility. The county decided to drop its commission form of government and adopt township organization, and the first election, 1837, gave him the duty, together with Messers Henry Lascelles and Edward McFadden, to lay out public highways. They were Coe Township's first road commissioners.

John D. Hauberg now had plenty of meetings to attend. Building a school house, choosing teachers, conferring with the other commissioners about roads; church, confirmation class sessions, etc., etc. Nothing great or glorious, but simply things which had to be done by somebody.

Meanwhile his wife was anything but idle. The

spinning wheel was kept whirring at every opportunity. The daughters had as part of their evenings the task of carding wool, and thus had their part in it. But if a neighbor had illness in the home and she could help, everything else was dropped. In fact, she felt compelled to care for a woman who was down with smallpox—the family lived on the adjoining farm to the south, and in this way the contagion was brought into her own home and the three younger daughters were pock-marked for life—a rather severe penalty for her good intentions. The older members had been vaccinated before leaving the Old Country, and came through this trial without damage.

Those were the days of large families, and with four daughters and two sons married and all living within reach, she was on hand for nearly all of her 35 grandchildren, to say nothing of the neighbors who were not related. We have never heard of her receiving anything more than thanks, and the good will of the community. Knitting stockings, mittens, wristlets and scarfs for all these grandchildren was quite a contract in itself. She read a book or newspaper as she knitted, and kept up with the times and the political trends of the day. At the 1940 reunion of the Hauberg Clan, Margaret Bracker brought as

an exhibit, a fine old "Log Cabin" design quilt, our grandmother's creation, and everyone present marvelled at the needlework involved. Mrs. J. D. Hauberg was the writer's grandmother. They lived on our way to school and needless to say, we stopped regularly because we never failed to score on the cookie jar. Her house was immaculate. When a real hard thunder storm was on, her household would stop all work, sit about the room, erect in their chairs, with hands clasped in their lap; silent—as if to say, if our time has come, we are ready.

As mentioned above, the age of large families yielded 35 grandchildren, then the styles changed and there were only 24 great grandchildren, and to date, ten great great grandchildren.

* * * * *

Church work and community service have been liberally infused into the veins of their descendants—children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Whether one regards such service, all voluntary and unpaid, as helpful or otherwise, the fact remains: To a very large proportion, they load themselves with it.

Together with his neighbors, John D. Hauberg thought that a railroad would greatly advance the community, and, with them he subscribed for stock,



FROM SHORE TO SHORE

PICTURES WE GREW UP WITH. THIS IS A REDUCTION OF ONE WHICH HUNG IN THE PARLOR.

In CHILDHOOD'S hour with careless joy,
Upon the stream we glide;
With YOUTH'S bright hopes we gaily speed
To reach the other side.

MANHOOD looks forth with careful glance,
TIME steady plies the oar,
While OLD AGE calmly waits to hear
The keel upon the shore.

and, like them he swallowed his grief, for the particular railroad which they backed with their money was never finished. His enthusiasm for the future of the High Prairie, and Coe Township in general, coursed strongly in his veins.

Tax receipts in the writer's possession show that within a few years from the time he moved to Sugar Grove, John D. Hauberg had owned over 800 acres in Coe Township, besides having held his quarter acre on 14th Street, Moline. He was evidently speculating, for at no one time did he own so much land. Two trips were made to the U. S. land office at Dixon, Illinois, in 1853, one on August 13th, when he placed a military land warrant for 80 acres, and again on October 12th when he pre-empted a quarter section (160 acres) of land. It was on one of these trips to Dixon that he did a remarkable feat at walking. He did the entire round trip, a distance of at least 45 miles one way, inside of twenty-four hours. Of course, he was in a hurry that day. Someone else was after the same piece of land, but he arrived just ahead of his competitor. The late C. C. Opdyke told the writer that Mr. Hauberg on one of these trips hoped to enter the farm then occupied by Opdyke, but that Jacob Marshall was just a few minutes

ahead of him, so there was one time when Mr. H. was not fast enough.

The walk of 90 miles in one day would seem incredible, except that we find that others have covered distances equally great in a single day. Much later in life, he was still walking from his home in Coe Township to Rock Island to visit his daughter, the distance being 25 miles. He, however, would not return the same day.

* * * * *

A new chapter opens on the log cabin beside Sugar Creek. Mr. Hauberg has leased the farm to his two sons, Marx and Dave, and the elder couple, together with the rest of the family, take up their abode on other lands nearby. Were the young folks lonely, so far from the lights of the city? Here is the testimony of one of the pair: "We had some of the best times of our life in that old log house. After Dave and I got to batching there, we had no old people around, and would invite the young people of the neighborhood, and we'd dance all night, with someone playing an accordeon, or sometimes only a comb. Then we had mouth organs also and jews harps but we couldn't dance to a jews harp because it wasn't loud enough."

The batchelors' quarters became a rendezvous for the young men who were employed by the neighboring farmers. At the log house was left baggage not needed at their work. Here was a place where they could go in or out any time of the day or night and no one would be disturbed. The testimony of those who lived in it was that the log house never in its history was locked. If all left it, the last out would stick a peg in the door frame which held the door shut. The Civil War came along and naturally was a topic of earnest conversation among these young men. It is quite a record that from this group making the old log house their home, nine men volunteered in the Union army, one of whom reached the rank of captain.

* * * * *

And now we come to another change. Marx becomes romantic. He is making eyes at a daughter of Henry Frels, a well to do pioneer, on Hampton Bluff. What chance would a young, ambitious man have with a young lady living in what for that day was a very fine brick residence with big barns and wide prosperous acres, while he himself could offer only a log cabin, plus love, hope and faith? One day

in a burst of confidence — this was after the above mentioned suitor had passed his four-score years—he told the writer some of the details of how he wooed and won her. After what he considered a fully matured courtship, he “Popped the question” but he received no favorable reply! He continued his quest, and a second time got his courage up to the speaking point. Again, nothing favorable! A number of the young men of the neighborhood, including himself, were invited to a dance over in Scott County, Iowa, back of Davenport. They walked there. It was “only” 30 to 35 miles. It seems we are supposed to believe that a little walk of 30 to 35 miles put a young man in those days, into proper condition for an all-night dance! There, a young lady took a fancy to young Mr. Hauberg. She spent all possible time in his presence. When ladies’ choice was called, she never failed to make straight for him. She confided to him that never, never, would she marry one of the local Scott County boys. They were too dumb! etc., etc. This new flame in the young man’s disturbed mind and heart was soon the talk among the home folks. It came to the ears of the Frels’. Which of them was the first to speak, father or daughter we do not know, but father Frels felt the urge to action.

In the language of romance he orders his henchmen to caparison the finest and swiftest steeds and see to it that the equipage is made instantly ready. Then with daughter under his wing, figuratively speaking, he dashes up the Bluff Road, and over the hills and hollows the long 14 miles to the Hauberg Castle. Doubtless they were tremendously relieved when they learned that the young lady's answer had not come too late!

It was time she was being married off. She was getting along in years — seventeen years old! In fact, she was seventeen years, one month and five days old when she faced the minister with her 24 year old fiance.

The wedding was on September 15, 1862. The bride's mother had died the June previous, so a big wedding was out of the question but the High Prairie people would not be put off. A wedding called for a dance, and while the log house at Sugar Grove was large enough for church services, it was too small for an occasion like this, so they chose the senior Hauberg's new big barn for it.

John Winterfeldt called on the young couple next day, at their cabin to express his regrets. He and his wife had gotten well on their way to the



MR. AND MRS. M. D. HAUBERG IN THEIR YOUNG MARRIED LIFE.

dance when a storm broke on them, lightning, thunder, rain and wind, and his oxen refused to go any farther. There was nothing to do but turn around

and go back home. Then sizing up the bride with the eye of an expert — she was tall — he remarked: “Well, Mark, if your wife ever gets lost you needn’t hunt for her in the straw sack” (mattress).

* * * * *

Without any suggestion from any of us, Mrs. M. D. Hauberg in later life wrote a brief account of her early days. She was the second “Lady of the House” in the old log cabin, and this attempt at an introduction to this old-time primitive home, demands, imperatively, that it be included here.

* * * * *

“My father, Henry Frels, came to Rock Island County in 1840. He had been a sailor on the sea five years and was on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers five years. He married Catherine Mantler in 1842 and I was born in 1845. Our log house was about a half mile up the creek from where Friedens Lutheran Church is now — near Barstow. It was all timber through there then.

“I saw wild turkeys lots of times at my father’s corn crib and saw deer in droves near our old house, and quail were as plentiful as our chickens, and pheasants were seen in flocks.

“One time I will never forget, a big Indian came across our field and talked with my mother, but she could not understand him. I hid myself. He had a bow and arrows with him.

“At that time we lived in a one-room cabin, with a cellar, and one room up-stairs. The cabin had only one outside door which was on the south side; a full window of two halves at each end of the room, and a half window at the east end up-stairs. On the north side of the room was the fire-place with the chimney built of cross sticks, plastered together with a mixture of straw and mud. Sometimes this chimney would catch fire and someone would have to go outside and knock it over. This fireplace was built on the outside.

“Mother and father’s bed was at the southeast corner of the room and had tall posts with curtains. A trundle bed was kept under theirs during the day and pulled out at night for the children. In the southwest corner stood another bed, without the curtain and there our guests slept. It was the ‘Spare-bed,’ and Uncle Ira Wells and Aunt Elizabeth, and others, slept in that bed.

“The ladder to the attic stood at the northwest corner of the room. The roof was clap-boards about

three feet long.

“One time we had a woodchopper sleeping upstairs and a snake got into his pocket. Next morning when he put his hand in the pocket the snake was there.

“Our big fireplace heated the house and was where mother did her cooking also. All the utensils she had to cook with was an iron tea kettle, an iron kettle, and a three-legged skillet to bake bread in. The skillet had an iron lid. It was set in the fireplace and covered with ashes and hot coals. It baked good bread. Then mother used the iron kettle to boil meat and potatoes. It was hung on the crane in the fireplace.

“My father would get a log on the fire, and some big limbs and it would make a nice big fire. We little ones would sit on the other end of the log, and play jump over it. The fire was so bright mother would sit and knit all evening without a candle being lit.

“Mother was a good hand at knitting. Father kept sheep, and we had our cloth made. Mother got the yarn spun through the year, all the spare time she had she would spin and color the yarn blue, and some brown. Then she would buy the skeins of warp



DONE BY THE OLDER DAUGHTER, AMELIA, WITH ZYPHER YARN ON PERFORATED CARDBOARD. IN ITS DAY, NO HOME WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS OR A SIMILAR MOTTO DONE IN MUCH THE SAME WAY. THE WREATH OF FLOWERS MADE OF COLORED WAX, HAS COLLAPSED, AND THEREFORE NO PICTURE OF IT IS POSSIBLE.

and take it to Uncle John Frels whose mother-in-law had a loom to weave goods on. When she had it woven, mother made us dresses of it and she had Uncle George Mantler make father's clothes of brown cloth. Uncle George Mantler was mother's brother. He was a first class tailor.

"The brown color was made with the use of Brazilian-chips and a fast blue was made by using chamber lye and indigo mixed with it. I remember very well the old earthenware pot about a foot and a half high, sitting in the kitchen so it would not freeze. It did not smell very good but no one thought anything about it, as everyone knew what it was.

"When I got old enough I was sent to school —

a log house with desks against the wall, and the benches were made of split log and smoothed off and four legs fitted to it. Whenever we had to write, we had to slip our feet around to the other side of the bench. I wore my home-spun dress and my sister did the same, and we wore good woolen stockings and coarse shoes. The winters were very cold with deep snow through which to walk to school.

“When I was about six years old, a preacher came to our house and staid a week or more with us, and I and brother Henry and sister Mary were christened, and all our neighbor’s children were christened before he left. The years passed on and finally they had a preacher come to give sermons in a frame school house that had been built, so for years we had church. Then the Germans together bought a brick house in Hampton and had church there every Sunday. By this time father had a carriage to take us all in.

“Father had four and five men every summer to cut wood which he hauled to Hampton, along the Mississippi shore for the steamboats.

“We made our own molasses and had lots of sugar maple trees tapped in the spring time from which we gathered the sap for this molasses.

“Mother would make her soap from the wood ashes. All the people did this at that time. They cooked their soap every year. We would have a big barrel of soft soap.

“Daniel Holmes was with us for years. He made all the shingles we used on our first brick house, and made lots of them to sell. They were sawed off a log in the length of shingles; split fine, then shaved down to the right size; then were cooked in a big kettle and then packed in a bunch.

“After father had lived in the log house for several years, he took a notion he could have brick made, so he looked at the soil. It was just the right kind to make brick, so he got men to help. They made a big kiln, then sold more brick than he used to build the house. A two-story house was built.

“Mother had lots of men to cook for then. She had a stove with two holes on it, and a small oven. The fire-box was long. A two-and-a-half foot stick could go in that stove, but this stove was too small for so much cooking, so father got a real kitchen stove. Mother had a lady to help her that summer. They finished the brick house and we had a nice house to move into, next to the log cabin.

“Father sold the timber farm of sixty acres where

the new brick house was. Then he made another brick kiln and first moved the log house to the new prairie farm. Then he built a big barn the same year. We lived in the new barn a short time and then lived in the log house 'till the new two-story brick house was built.

“The new house was built close to where there was a good spring. The spring is still running. Many a horse was watered there. All the farmers from up above us would stop, and they watered there for years and years. At first there wasn't anything there but a couple of blocks so they could get to it but father put up a little house over it and had a bucket and a tin cup there.

“The stage used to always stop at our spring and the horses and people got a drink. They passed there on the way to the ‘Docia’; to the Middle Crossing or to the mouth of the Docia at Rock River. They had regular coaches; the driver sat up in front and the passengers were cooped up inside and they drove four horses generally, but sometimes I think they had only two horses. When they came up here from the bottoms the mud was terrible. In Pleasant Valley they had split rails laid over the swamp and had hay on them — all through Pleasant Valley where they

have farms now, and the stage would go thump, thump over these rails. The stage did not run every day, but once or twice or more per week. I don't know where they stopped to feed horses and eat.

"Father and his brother John Frels were among the earliest settlers in that neighborhood and there old George Wildermuth and others came and as they got a little clique together they built the German Lutheran church. Adam Weigandt came, and he was quite a churchman too.

"Old George Wildermuth was our neighbor but he wouldn't have our fence join on to his, so he made a seven-rail fence on his side of the line and father made a seven-rail fence on our side with just a cowpath between. This was back in the woods; north, by the Mosher school, the whole forty from one end to the other, he put up his fence, and father put up his.

"I used to like to hear Grandfather Hauberg talk. He was so earnest about it. He often got into trouble when they got to talking about niggers and the Dutch because he was always ready with his fists if they didn't look out.

"Father in the first years of toiling on the farm had men to cut cord-wood and hoop-poles and

staves to make barrels, and spokes for wagon wheels. Later on they had to cut ties for the railroad. These were all hauled to Hampton and to Rock Island and Moline.

“After the railroad was first finished father would take one of us children with him to Moline, when he drove down, to have us see the train go along. He would stop his team so we could see the train puffing along. At that time Moline was a small town. Rock Island was a small town but it was a thriving town.

“My father was a great hustler and good at planning things, and he would figure things out in his head. He had no schooling whatever. His parents died when he was so young he did not remember them and he was brought up by different relatives; first with one and then with another. Potatoes and buttermilk was all he got to eat and no schooling. When he was fourteen years of age he left them and went to sea and for five years served on sailing vessels on the ocean; then he came to America and was in Virginia for some time, I don't know how long, and then for five years he worked on steamboats on the Ohio and the Mississippi, and worked in the lead mines at Galena, in winter.



ANNA MARGARET FRELS HAUBERG, THE SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BRIDE AND SECOND LADY OF THE HOUSE AT THE OLD LOG CABIN, AND THE FIRST, IN THE NEW STONE RESIDENCE.

“In 1840 father started farming on Hampton Bluff, with five dollars. That was all the money he had and there was hardly any money to be had in those days, everything was traded. He made his own wagon and sawed the wheels off of a big log

and got it all complete except for a few parts made by his brother, as he was a blacksmith. He lived about a mile from our place.

“My mother was a good scholar from Germany and after they were married they kept German newspapers and my father got so he read very well.

“When he built the log house, the heavy end of the trunk only was used. The rest of the tree was burned up. They cleared up the place for the house that way. The old log house was on the place father afterward sold to Kleinau’s, after he had built the brick house on the new farm.

“Land was cheap in those times. They all made their money by working in their timber and only had a small place cleared to sow wheat and garden. They would cut down big trees so they would fall on a pile and they would burn them to get land cleared for farming. A yoke of oxen was his team to work and plow with.

“Father worked very hard and at the time of his death he owned three-hundred-eighty acres of good land, besides he had several lots and a house in Hampton and other property.

“When I married in September, 1862, I moved into a small log house a good deal like the one I was

born in and there I had to climb a ladder again to go upstairs. This was the log house Grandfather Hauberg built in 1853 at Sugar Grove.

“This log house had shingles of split wood, home-made but not what they called clapboards. You could see the stars through the roof. There was no fireplace, but a stove to cook on and to heat the house. The cellar was a dugout back of the barn. When Amelia was born we couldn’t buy a cradle in Port Byron; they were sold out so Pa got the big rocking chair that we still used in our home. The lower log of the house got rotted and it started the house to lean and each year it leaned more. The neighbors said it would fall down on us if we didn’t look out. The stable had room for four horses and had a roof of slough hay. We had a half dozen of bearing peach trees and a half dozen of apple trees that bore good. We got all our water for house use at the spring down in the creek. They dug the spring down about six feet but after every rain they had to dig it out again. A lean-to at the southwest corner of the house was used for storage and summer kitchen.

“The house was one full story and an attic with one full window and a half window downstairs and

a half window upstairs. Both half windows were at the east end of the house. The full window was on the north side. There was only one outside door to the house and that was on the south side. There was a partition made of wide boards toward the west end of the room and that made our bedroom. It had no window in it. A plain ladder led to the attic where the side walls were about two feet high. Here the hired girl, and the hired man slept; their rooms being separated by quilts hung up.

“Eggert Hauberg was staying with us during the ‘cold winter’ and it kept him busy chopping wood. Amelia was the baby then. I don’t think we had Emma then. This ‘cold winter’ Mrs. Fields and family fired their stove too hot and it set the house afire and they had to run to the neighbor’s some distance away. The exposed arm with which she carried the baby froze and it had to be amputated; the baby’s arms also were frozen and had to be amputated and Levi Fields, a son, had both ears frozen off.

“We did well and Pa started building up a nice big home. He had the present horse-barn built, and had also put up a stone smokehouse, and they were hauling rock for the new stone house, when Kaeh-

ler came over and told Pa he had no right to build there. Grandfather had sold that eighty to Knock and for some reason they failed to make any reservation in the deed for the ground that Grandfather had built on. Pa thought that it was in the deed, but it wasn't. Then Pa and the hired man went over the hill and selected the site where the present stone house is. At that time you could see over the entire farm as there were no trees there. The log house was down where you didn't have such a view. Every tree on this place was set out by your father. It was an oats field without any trees anywhere near when it was selected. It was just eighty rods west of the log house. The new stone house was built in 1866.

“One time when your father was away and Aunt Maggie was with us, two Indians came to ask for something to eat. One was an old man. He wore a woman's knit hood, close fitting, and he wore a pair of old shoes. The other was a young fellow and he carried his shoes on a stick over his shoulder and walked barefooted in the snow. It was winter time. Both had blankets and feathers. Our Anna was a little girl then and she was hungry, and sat at the table with the Indians to eat.” — and here



THE OATS FIELD OF 1866 IS TRANSFORMED WITH ITS HEAVY STAND OF FOREST AND FARM BUILDINGS; ALL THE GROWTH OF THREE FOURTHS OF A CENTURY.

ends the account of the early days as written out by Mrs. M. D. Hauberg.

* * * * *

The year 1866 saw two stone houses being built within a mile of each other. One by the Amos Goldens, the other by the M. D. Haubergs!

We have seen above, that when the log house was raised, the men of the community for miles around were present to help — all of it as a friendly, neighborly gesture. Of course they would be there; what tools do you want me to bring? So too, when the stone house was in prospect. Hauling rock for a sizable house would be a long, not to say dismal undertaking for one man and team, so a “Hauling bee” was called into action. They hauled two loads each that winter day, and in all, 70 loads of rock were brought from the quarry in Section 3, Coe Township. The other building material was white pine from the northern forest. An enterprising lumber merchant would bring a lumber raft down the Mississippi river, tie up somewhere along the bank, and send his salesmen inland to take orders among the farmers. Building material, fencing, lath, shingles, etc. made up his stock in trade. The lumber was direct from the saws, and unplanned, and sold at a

price sufficiently lower, to make it attractive to the farming community. In this case, Mr. Hauberg's lumber was landed about the center of Section 33, Cordova Township, making it a haul of about ten miles from the river to the building site.

Three days were spent with team and scraper, by Mr. Hauberg and a hired boy, to excavate the cellar. Messers John Hofer and George Bryant, both of Cordova, did the masonry, starting about May 1st, 1866, and on June 30th of that year they had the walls up to the top of the first story and placed a stone, bearing that date over the front door frame. John Spaeth and Henry Oppendike did the carpenter work, having to do all the dressing — the shaping of the lumber — mouldings, frames, doors, the planing and tounging of the flooring, etc., with hand tools, and all of it from raft lumber. That all the work was of the best can be seen today, for one looks in vain for defects which might reasonably be expected after a three quarters of a century of service.

The rock walls are as plumb as the day they were put up, and no re-pointing of mortar between the stones has been necessary—as is often the case with present-day jobs.

* * * * *



MR. AND MRS. M. D. HAUBERG WITH CHILDREN, CHILDREN-IN-LAW AND GRANDCHILDREN
REAR ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. E. FURLAND, WILLIAM T. SCHMOLL, ELI FURLAND, MRS. E. H. LYFORD, ANNA HAUBERG, EDWARD
H. LYFORD, ALBERT L. FAIRHURST, JOHN H. HAUBERG, LOUIS D. HAUBERG. MIDDLE ROW: MRS. W. T. SCHMOLL, MRS. ELI FUR-
LAND, M. D. HAUBERG HOLDING JOHN H. HAUBERG, JR., MRS. M. D. HAUBERG, MRS. A. L. FAIRHURST AND MRS. J. H. HAUBERG.
SEATED ON FLOOR: DR. HAZEL SCHMOLL, ELLIS FURLAND, ADA MARY LYFORD BURKE, ERNST FURLAND, CATHERINE HAUBERG
SWEENEY AND HELEN LYFORD SIMPSON.

Nine children were born to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hauberg. The youngest, Walter Mark, was a healthy, vigorous youngster, but was carried off with cholera infantum in his second year. The others have remained active to this day.

What to name the baby was a question then as now. Each in turn doubtless seemed to be better than the preceding. Their first choice was Amelia Maria Catherine; next was Emma Elizabeth—for in these names one had to consider the godfather's and godmother's names. Next was Anna Margaret, the same as her mother's name. Then came John Henry—John for grandfather John D. Hauberg; Henry for Grandfather Frels. Rosena Henrietta—mother had had a sister Rosena who died in childhood. Next was Louis Detlev. The writer recalls mother fondly talking about Louis Napoleon, so that is probably the origin for the first part of the name. The "Detlev" must have had some special meaning among the Haubergs, but our family historian, M. D. Hauberg, who seemed to have remembered everything else—in his earlier days he kept a diary—definitely said he did not know how it got into the family, but there was Grandfather John Detlev H., his two sons, Marx Detlev and Jergem Detlev (always called Dave), our cou-

sins John Detlev George Hauberg, Herman Detlev John Bracker, and Dr. George Detlev Hauberg. Next in line after due consideration, was named Elnora, probably there was something catchy and pleasing about this Irish name, and then came Ada Helena, the last doubtless being borrowed from Helena Stilz, her cousin, but Ada was, we believe, out of a clear sky.

Mrs. M. D. Hauberg, like all the farm wives of the day, was of course, head of the nursery, head of the cooking and all housework for the family and hired men. In those days it was customary for the hired men to live in the midst of the family, at the table with them, in the sitting room in the evening, with their own room in the house at night. As you know, the children in those years were given responsible places in the work of all kinds—milking, churning, dishwashing, hunting the eggs, bringing cows from the pasture, taking care of the younger members of the family and errands of every description. At the breakfast table the boys at quite a young age, were given their orders for the day's work the same as the hired men.

But we were talking about mother's part in the whole. She was the queen in the laundry; had full



JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN,

A REDUCED COPY OF ONE OF THE PICTURES WHICH HANG ON MEMORY'S WALLS—
A NOTE OUT OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF OLD.

charge of every department of the dairy, and of all the poultry, much of the vegetable garden and all the flower garden. Flowers were among her hobbies and we recall the large, white painted lyre which she hewed out of boards to support the roses, and the arbor, covered with grape vines, all her own work. She always had a lot of secret contraptions in the cellar, trying to work out patents. She insisted that the day would come when farmers would have to be more careful of the barnyard refuse, and she tried to plan some sort of machine for scooping it up into wagons. She never got through with it. Today, with gas and electric engines, grab-buckets, etc., she would have succeeded. She did however, succeed in getting a patent on a dishwasher. You will find it written up in the "Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office" for October 26, 1909, page 842. Many letters came to her with regard to the patent, but practically all of them wanted money for advancing its sale. One, however, offered some lots, somewhere in Texas for it.

The write-up of her early years, which is included in this sketch, was used by Mrs. K. T. Anderson, of Rock Island, in her "Reminiscences of Pioneer Rock Island Women." You will find it on pages 73-74,

in Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, for the year 1912.

With the men busy in the field and the pigs threatening her garden, she would dig post holes and set posts to repair the fence; needing a new kitchen chimney, she secured the brick and sand; would send us to Port Byron for a dime's worth of their famous white lime. Dumping this into a shallow, rectangular box, and pouring cold water on it, it would soon be boiling violently, and, mixed with sand, made the necessary mortar, and the chimney rose under her work with the trowel, as good a job as many a brick mason would do.

She sang at her work—a good soprano, and with all this, found time, sometimes, to sit in the big rocking chair and read the Bible! The big worry was the mortgage on the farm.

* * * * *

M. D. Hauberg was 29 years of age when in 1866 they built the new house. That was just 75 years ago. The site was in the midst of an oats field; there were no trees, and they had an unobstructed view to the north, away off to the north bluffs across the 'Docia. They doubtless had to bank their house

well, rock house though it was, to keep the winter winds out, until trees could be grown for a wind-break because the house stood on a hilltop. Throughout this part of the Mississippi Valley, the prevailing winds are from the west and the cold north, and everywhere the settler planted trees to ward off these winds. Always the north side and the west side were planted. The east and the south sides you will find open to this day. In later years as we grew up, we would often be unaware of the biting cold winds from the west, until we got out of the shelter of the maples which father had planted—acres of them, enclosing other acres of orchard. The well, we understand, he dug with his own hands, though of course he had to have hired help. The well was dug down through earth some 70 feet, and then drilled through rock another thirty feet. The water has always had a “taste” which we thought to be iron—or “something”—but whatever it was, it must have been healthy.

The occupant of the stone house fell heir to not only the old farm—for a consideration, however—but also to the public posts which his father had held: road commissioner and school director and numerous other responsibilities. Among his papers we

found a scrap of legal cap which indicates some of the problems which the school directors had to face. In this paper the firstly to the fifthly are missing, and it has only the 6th, 7th and 8th followed by the signatures of the stern authority, as follows:

“6th, Any improper language while going to or from school, or treating strangers with disrespect, is an unpardonable offense.

“7th, Breaking the tree or ‘shubry,’ or tearing off pickets is forbidden.

“8th, Eating during school hours, or sticking pins in each other will not be allowed.”

Signed, Marx D. Hauberg,
Jared Sexton,
James Guinn, Directors.

By and by father got mixed up in real earnest in politics. He did have a genuine, determined purpose to help the farmer out of his unprofitable situation, and along with it, it seemed necessary or desirable to run for office. First he was up for sheriff. The “Rock Islander” for February 5, 1881 (report of a special election) says:

“If Bowling and the 3d ward, Rock Island, had been thrown out as they should have been, the vote of the county would have been as follows:

Ankrum	1775
Hauberg	1771

Ankrum's majority 4 votes."

On mature reflection, the writer regards this defeat as providential, because we were eminently a farmer family, brought up to hard work—the wood pile and woodbox, the cows and chickens and horses, the weeds in the potato patch, the morning glory vines in the corn. The Lord only knows what would have happened to us in a city with none of these things to occupy our time and attention.

With so good a showing, it was thought that the State Senate would be a good place to be. We children didn't understand just how high that office was, but the writer remembers that the hired man said he thought it was next to president of the United States. It is flattering that where he was best known, father got the vote. He "carried" our own county, but his opponent was equally successful in his own county, i. e., Henry County, and just enough more so, to win the election.

We had a mare, pure white. Her name was "Gray." Father drove her all over the country electioneering, and, of course, wherever he met a man

he stopped to talk. It was many months, after the elections were over, before we could drive on the road with old Gray, that she did not stop, short off, every time anyone met us or was within hailing distance.

M. D. Hauberg would have made a good senator. He knew his politics; the problems; was deeply interested and as it was his lifelong habit to be up until midnight, or later, reading newspapers mostly, he was very well up on public questions and the men behind them. On the point of fear or hesitation to speak his mind, there were no such words in his vocabulary.

M. D. Hauberg was a great talker. He could go to the County Court House and disorganize a half day's work for a whole room of clerks with his yarns. In our earlier years we would make the long drive—25 miles to Rock Island by bob sleigh or in the old buggy. He would stop in a store, perhaps to get something, and we would wait, wait—would he never come? About the time we gave up hope, he would come, bubbling over with enthusiasm about whatever the topic of conversation had been. He was beyond all doubt the most widely acquainted farmer in the county. This was because of his political in-



HE READ THE PAPERS 'TILL MIDNIGHT.

terests and also from his buying of live stock for the Chicago markets, and connections with a number of county organizations.

The one nightmare in the family was the mortgage on the farm. Would it never leave them? Every ounce of groceries was watched; never any cream in anyone's coffee, only skimmed milk. Every member of the family was in the harness to fight the old demon and the interest on it. Notes had been endorsed for others who probably meant well, but who in the end left M. D. Hauberg to wrestle it out with the note holders. For some years title to the farm was placed in another's hands to keep it out of the

way of judgment creditors until he could work them off, and to his eternal credit, be it said, he did work his way completely out. Aid was offered, but was not accepted, from a certain member of his family.

One time in 1917 as the writer drove to the farm, his father asked him: "Have you noticed whether the release is recorded?" A "Release!" He was talking about the release of the mortgage. It had been fully paid. Yours Truly had a bit of a time of it with his emotions. He wanted to weep! Down in the recorder's office at the County Court House you will be able to see one of the gripping dates in the history of the M. D. Hauberg family. It says the mortgage release was filed for record, March 7, 1917, and it gives even the very hour—one o'clock in the afternoon of that day—when the axe fell. Peace to its carcass!

Now that the battle was over, we hoped our parents would enjoy life with the leisure they had so richly earned. But it was too late. They had never learned to play or to be idle. Mother especially, could not change now. She had passed her three score and ten. For father or "Pa" as we always called him, it was easier. He could go about among his old timers and talk. At the time the old task-



SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. JOHN H. (SUE DENKMANN) HAUBERG, MRS. GEORGE D. (EMMA RYDELL) HAUBERG, MRS. WM. T. (AMELIA HAUBERG) SCHMOLL, MRS. JOHN E. (ADA HAUBERG) FURLAND, MRS. EDWARD H. (ELNORA HAUBERG) LYFORD, MRS. JAMES R. (ADA MARY LYFORD) BURKE, MRS. VIRGIL (HELEN LYFORD) SIMPSON. STANDING: JOHN E. FURLAND, VIRGIL SIMPSON, HERMAN M. HAUBERG, LOUIS D. HAUBERG, DR. GEORGE D. HAUBERG, JOHN H. HAUBERG, JR., HAZEL SCHMOLL, JOHN H. HAUBERG AND MRS. HERMAN M. (MABELLE MAHANA) HAUBERG.

master, the mortgage, was evicted, Pa was 80 years of age.

After about ten years of prodding, we succeeded in getting Pa to write his Memoirs, not because we thought him unusual, but because he had all his life taken notice of things, and especially because he was of that "Peculiar" generation which broke the prairies—turning the ancient hunting ranges of the Indian into the civilized manner of life. His book of 200 pages is interesting from that point of view. Incidentally, last summer we were visited by two collectors of old and rare books. One of them said that in New York City he had "picked up a book of Memoirs by M. D. Hauberg, and that he paid fifteen dollars for it." He made no complaint about the price!

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hauberg celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary at the stone house, September 15, 1912. John D. Hauberg and wife had celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in October of 1885, at which time they were living a half mile west of the stone house. They were born January 29, 1808, and July 26, 1811, respectively; he



LOUIS D. HAUBERG, PRESENT OWNER.

was aged 27 when they married and she, 24. He died March 24, 1886 at the age of 78, and his widow passed on October 10, 1896 at the age of 85. Mrs. M. D. Hauberg left us March 21, 1918 at the age of 73, and her widower remained with us up to Jan-

uary 4, 1928, having passed his ninetieth year the September preceding.

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The year 1941, completing nine-tenths of a century of Hauberg occupation, finds the homestead in possession of Louis D. Hauberg. Owning an auto, it is possible, and doubtless true, that he attends more "meetings" of one kind and another of church and general civic interest, than did his father, M. D. Hauberg, or his grandfather, John D. Hauberg. It is in his blood as it is in the blood of most of the descendants of the old log cabin proprietors, at Sugar Grove. He purchased the farm from his father in 1918. He has sold off a forty which was off a couple of miles from the main farm, and in its place has purchased an eighty adjoining it, so that today the farm is bigger and better than ever. Not only bigger and better as to size, but he is growing crops, particularly corn, with yields such as his forbears never dreamed of. From hearsay only, he has some idea of what a mortgage might be.

And, of course, he lives in the stone house which is celebrating its diamond jubilee this year. A visitor will find the house interesting—its deep window

frames because of the thick masonry; the rafters of unusual dimension for the purpose; pieces of antique furniture handed down from grandparents and parents; the old family photograph album; the large, bulky Bible, a wonderful example of the printer's, illustrator's, and bookbinder's art. Then there is the great old trunk—his is the seventh generation in our family to own it. There are the acres of maples and orchard, the creek and Sugar Grove, and the far view over the fields of the neighbors to the eastward, and, the descendants of the Old Timers, still holding forth as vital parts of the community, are good people to meet.

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OCTOBER 17, 1941.



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HISTORY AND MEMOIRS OF THE HAUBERGS' HOM



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